POETRY QUARTERLY

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POETRY QUARTERLY

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EDITORIAL

AT the outbreak of war the European Editor of "Poetry Quarterly," E. M. Channing-Renton, was called to resume his military duties, and in the hurly-burly of changing lives and the resulting forced re-adjustments in quite new directions, work on the magazine had to be temporarily put aside for other more arduous necessities. In this cruel, indifferent world no one is ever missed, they say. We are glad to have been able to prove the contrary. The number of letters we have received from subscribers inquiring after the winter issues and the general fate of "Poetry Quarterly" has encouraged Captain Channing-Renton to ask me to take on the Editorship of "Poetry Quarterly," and he has promised to devote as much as possible of his spare hours, although almost inexistent, to helping me with advice in this labour of love which is, however, not without its difficulties and thorny inescapable problems. For the lyric muse has many voices when she speaks to the world and the editor of a poetry magazine has the sometimes unenviable task of preventing all those voices from speaking at once,

Subscribers and Contributors may rest assured that space, never at any time great in proportion to the number of MSS. received, will be allotted with the most scrupulous justice, and if his or her contribution has been unavoidably crowded out of one issue it will find its place in a succeeding one. With this Spring number "Poetry Quarterly" will continue in the future the same policy as in the past. No school or generation but will be welcome to its pages provided that a sufficient literary standard is reached. Catholicity of appeal has always been our aim. If you do not like some of the poems we print, remember that perhaps somebody else does. If you do not find some that you think good, we have failed in our task.

The realities of war conditions and the inevitable change in the lives of millions of readers and writers, such practical details as the difficulty of obtaining paper, etc., will have its incidence on the laws of supply and demand. But we believe that poetry stands for something above these temporary inconveniences. It may be a voice crying in the wilderness. We have proof, however, that up and down the world there are those who are willing to listen to that voice. This being the case, our desire is to be an intermediary, a link, between writers and a public which, if small in numbers, makes up for this deficiency in quality, knowing that no fear of battle and sudden death, no privation of even what have come to be known as the necessities of life, will ever succeed in stifling the inner and spiritual necessities of mankind, the infinitely more real mental and imaginative world, without which existence is but a drab continuance of discomfort and dull never-ending time. We think it may have the opposite effect, and that difficulty and hardship may stimulate us all to greater efforts, perhaps even to a knowledge that we, of whatever nationality, age, or way of thinking are, however dark the moment may be, looking forward to a light beyond the horizon not given to all men to see, a spear-point of humanity thrusting towards what unknown kingdoms of the future.

POETRY AND WAR

By

MARGUERITE EDGELOW.

Now, youth, the hour of thy passion comes:
Thy lovely things must all be laid away;
And thou, as others, must face the riven day
Unstirred by rattle of the rolling drums,
Or bugles' strident cry. When mere noise numbs
The sense of being, the fear-sick soul doth sway,
Remember thy great craft's honour, that they may say
Nothing in shame of poets. Then the crumbs
Of praise the little versemen joyed to take
Shall be forgotten: then they must know we are,
For all our skill in words, equal in might
And strong in mettle as those we honoured; make
The name of poet terrible in just war,
And like a crown of honour upon the fight.
(Ivor Gurney: To the Poet before Battle.)

One might be tempted to ask what connection there can possibly be between poetry and war, but one has only to read such work as that quoted above to find the answer. A poet can find—and pass on to others—beauty and inspiration even in war, the ugliest, the most wasteful and futile of all the inventions of man, which has been summed up very well by Christopher Isherwood: "War is bombing an already disused arsenal, missing it, and killing a few old women. War is lying in a stable with a gangrenous leg. War is drinking hot water in barns and worrying about one's wife. War is a handful of lost and terrified men in the mountains, shooting at something moving in the undergrowth. War is waiting for days with nothing to do: shouting down a dead telephone: going without sleep, or sex, or a wash. War is untidy, inefficient, obscure and largely a matter of chance."

There you have the spirit if not always the letter of any war in any land. Man is a little creature, lost and blind and often afraid—he must have something to which to cling, something stable in a world of chaos. The stars above are fair, but they are so far off . . . . Poetry is in a sense a symbol of those stars, brought

nearer to us and on our own human plane. Christopher Isherwood's picture is not really complete; there is another aspect which he has not touched upon, an aspect presented in a poem by E. W. Tennant.

" . . . .

Beyond the Church whose pitted spire
Seems balanced on a strand
Of swaying stone and tottering brick
Two roofless ruins stand,
And here behind the wreckage where the back wall
should have been
We found a garden green."

Hitler can never destroy more than surfaces. The "garden green" will always return again, and it stands for one important function of poetry in war, the sane, normal, steadying touch, which for a little while can banish the nightmare clouds and bring to the secret places of the heart "that blessed thing . . . called peace."

"Look at the searchlights! There's a fire in heaven.
And we have turned our hoses on the sky."

We can forget those spreading flames for a brief moment, as we see the sun light other flames behind a stained-glass window; we need not cease to look on beauty because pain is mingled with it. Man must sometimes forget the earth on which his feet are set. . . .

"Look thy last on all things lovely
Every hour. Let no night
Seal thy sense in deadly slumber
Till to delight
Thou have paid thy utmost blessing;
Since that all things thou wouldst praise
Beauty took from those who loved them
In other days."

A poet's words may comfort some in other ways. Who could read St. John Gogarty's lines, "Per Iter Tenebricosium," without feeling a little braver?

"Enough! Why should a man bemoan
A Fate that leads the natural way?
Or think himself a worthier one
Than those who braved it in their day?
If only gladiators died,
Or heroes, Death would be in his pride;
But have not little maidens gone,
And Lesbia's sparrow, all alone?"

Which of our present poets will produce the great poetry of this war? One possibility is that very brilliant young writer Christopher Hassall, whose "Crisis"—produced after events of last autumn—represents the output of the present generation at its best. Reality and dreams . . . only those in whom these twain meet will ever write real poetry.

Result of Last Quarterly Competition

VOTING for the last quarterly competition was easily headed by Elizabeth Temple Wells for her poem, "Who Is She?" and the cash prize of One Guinea has been awarded to her. Eight poets followed at some considerable distance with equal votes. They were: John Gray Rhind, Grace Connor Harris, Harry Sutcliffe, Doreen C. Watts, Cordula M. Hood, Isabel Whitehouse Toppin, George Elliston, and Harriet Dale Richardson. Lastly came: Mabel Posegate, F. W. Emminger, Phyllis Dulce Warwick, Mary A. Eddy, Ronald F. Hacker, Frank David Harris, and Florence M. Bradford. As there was such a great distance between the winner and the other competitors and no definite second or third preference seems to have been indicated by voters, no book prizes have been awarded.

These quarterly competitions continue, and every reader is invited to make a choice of the best lyric, sonnet or free verse published in the current issue. The enclosed voting slip should be filled in and posted to the address thereon. The poet receiving the highest number of votes will be awarded a cash prize of One Guinea, but only original verse from those on our regular mailing lists will be eligible. Book prizes are awarded to those who record a sufficient number of votes to indicate the possibility of a second choice.

Owing to the declaration of war last September and the uncertainty of the situation, the Autumn and Winter numbers of "Poetry Quarterly" were unable to appear. As only two issues were published in 1939 the Twenty Dollar Competition has been held over, but it is hoped that it will be possible to continue these in the future.

ADRIFT.

Day came unwillingly, without a sun
Heralded only by the seabirds' cry
And all about us bent the vast expanse
Of shouldered sea beneath a leaden sky
Infinite solitude drawn in monochrome.
Time in this waste of waters had no clock,
The hours were measured by the metronome
Of the waves' shock.
We've lost the will to struggle: give Fate best
What is the value of a brief respite?
Yet scan the skyline round from east to west
No sail in sight.

JOHN LEPPER.

REVERIE.

High up above the river,
In an ever-livening world,
I sat and saw the summer
Creeping up the gorge,
Quietly, with just a gentle laugh;
And the trees shook their leaves
To welcome her; and the sun
Laid its carpet on the water,
Flashing diamond-dust,
Like a thousand gnomes
That ran along the ripples
Up to her very feet.

Even then they could not see her,
They who stopped by me and said,
"The tide is full . . . . . "

ROY SALTER.

MOUNTAIN MIST.

There is a spirit gleaming in the mist,
A ghostly wraith with soft compelling hands
And featureless face that hovers, glooms and broods,
Menacing, grim, malevolently blind.
A formless mouth breathes out grey silences,
Luring men on with phantom whisperings,
While clinging yet, the soft compelling hands
Lead along shifting avenues of white
Mazes which end in danger, stern and swift,
Or deathly slow, where the marsh draws and yields
And yields and draws its victim down and down.
The haunting silence of the mountain calls
With strange insistency, push on, push ever on.
There are deep chasms near, to break and yawn;
Follow no gleaming wraith that tempts and lures,
Elusive is the mist with clinging hands.

MAY I. E. DOLPHIN.

SUN AND WIND WEB.

The sun lights the long brown curtain,
Figuring a pattern parchment-bright
And dull oblonged and circled.

The wind floats the fluent etching,
Streaming the repeated window-shapes
Out in rounds, back in lines.

Sun and wind wind the etched web,
Lattice-drawn and glass-cast
Woven alive by the breeze.

C. B. TOOSEY
(Gold Medal for England at New York World's Fair.)

THE LILAC BLOOMS.

On slender stems, and in a white cascade
The lilac blooms . . .
Blown tulips in a golden halo fade,
And all the room
Is splendid in the dimming golden light.
Their curved lips
Droop honeyied loveliness and warm delight.
Still the lilac
Virgin-pale, dreams in a white cascade,
Magnificently pure . . .
The glowing flowers, weak with desire, now fade,
And each slim stem
Droops lower and still lower, till they meet
Their shadow loves.
With kisses deep and soft and sweet.
And curved breasts bared
The short and precious hours go swiftly by,
Till silently,
And pressing lips to shadow lips, . . . they die.
. . . On slender stems and pure as driven snow
The lilac blooms. . . . . .

Y. COE.

I ENVY YOU!

O, Bees, I envy you!
Would that I could go
A tour of my world
With scent my only art:
To find in every flower's heart
Life's nectar curled
Asleep.

ELIZABETH BRAITHGEAH.

THE COTTAGE.

Older than dreams,
Older than dead scents of flowers,
These walls, these beams
Stand contented, as the hours
Drip into time.
Here is the end of every quest,
For, when the lintel of the door
Is passed,
Roof and floor
Give welcome, rest.
Sit in the dusk and know
The damask plums hang full and wise,
Where, in the languid orchard, grow
Old flowers of the sun,
New flowers of the moon.
The last
And sweetest bird notes climb
The English skies,
And into one
Ripe curve is rounded night's noon.

LEONARD CLARK.

TO SLEEP.

Your touch is healing to the brow
Of one who seeks your lovely spell,
Your voice has magic cadences
That charm the soul from out the shell.

Who sees your calm mesmeric eyes
Feels life a dark dissolving dream,
And floats as gently as a leaf
Upon enchantment's jewelled stream.

HERBERT BLUEN.

NOSTALGIA.

Here is no colour; only the drab of the houses
And the grey of the smoke-filled sky:
But there, just now, with the buttercups and cowslips,
All green and gold the painted meadows lie.

Here is no singing; only the din of the traffic
And the scream of engines shrieking as if in pain:
But there in the fields the larks fill the air with their music
And merles and thrushes whistle in every lane.

Here is no fragrance; only the stench of the river,
Crawling sullen and brown from the city danks:
But there, in the summer breezes the lilacs quiver,
And the meadow-sweet is budding upon the banks.

A. J. GRIFFITH.

PEDAGOGIE.

Seize corolles
Sur tige bleue et blanche
Croissance folle
A charge de revanche!

Voilà ma crêche
Indocile et têtue
D'humeur révêche
Et d'études repue.

Esprits hétéroclites
Que prédirai-je?
Et en quels lointains sites
D'ombre ou de neige
Vous percevrai-je?

MALCOLM MACLAREN.

HOME FROM ABROAD.

The hills I know are blue in mist,
The woods in purple glooms,
The fields stretch wide and warm with hay,
And honeysuckle blooms.

The pointed spears gleam palely gold,
Beneath the quivering blue,
And clouds stretch into nothingness,
As cobwebs drowned in dew.

The colours there are not so strong,
But subtle, warm and old,
And green and sere, long fields appear,
Shadowed with rusty gold.

It rains, and then in drying paths,
White-breasted fantails sail,
Reflected, gleaming, billowing ships,
'Mid roses, flame and pale.

Through slow, still hours the scents enchant,
The cooling breath of dawn,
Warm stocks at night, dark dreaming pines,
Long shadows down the lawn.

A. V. ROBERTSON.

MY GIFT.

Dear, my beloved,
This to bring—
Love, pure intellect,
Noble thing!
Born of the spirit,
Purest mind,
Never portraying
Less than divine!

L. BOYD CANON.

STILL LIFE.

Pensive cherub,
Why are you carved
Under the table?
Which supports
This delicate mystery
In design of light:
For it charms the eye,
Whilst you must look
To the darkened distance.
Is it a penalty
For some boyish prank?
Or are you still
So much a child
In spirit
That this subtlety
By you would be unheeded?
But stay, do not move
From your appointed place,
For at least
You offer this beauty
To others.

FRANCES PAUL.

ADORNED.

I do not care to yield to love
Unless I feel that I am fair,
Unless the mirrors glances prove
Well ordered curls of flaming hair.

My body, the imperfect shrine
Where you shall kindle votive fires,
Unless that it be garland-fine
Unsanctioned will be our desires.

But when, through me, in softest light
Beauty misleads your fevered eyes
Oh pour the wine unto her might!
She will adorn the sacrifice.

CHARLOTTE BLAKE LORING.

THE POET TO THE SCULPTOR.

Oh, you who hold mankind within your hand,
be swift, I pray, and your touch and sight
more deadly be than an arrow's flight
to kill, yet anneal the Form you planned.

If you, with eight tense fingers, pliant thumbs
would Gorgon-like change flesh to stone,
be quick to snare your quarry when it comes,
for moods like birds are quickly flown.

So show me, I beg, when clay-wise you've cast
the yet warm clay of some unknown boy,
if that outstretched arm he raised in joy,
or melancholy was when you caught him fast.

And this gentle face, which mask-like you've wrought—
is the forehead lined by pain or by thought?
Are wide eyes smiling to hide the tear?
Or the lips left mocking because they fear?

And this girl, for whom you mould so fine
a leg and thigh, and precisely test
the fall and the curve of her pointed breast,
did you see in her image every line?

Oh, you—who the living in marble would blend—
say—is your mission—your travail as mine—
to sense but half-blindly some dim precious Line,
and blindly pursue your Dream to the end?

KENNETH LITTLE.

ALTER EGO.

If you would find the source
of sadness and the welling sorrows of the stream
that is regret, shed tears
upon the beauty of each protean dream.

Search out a consolation
but not with roses even when they brave the snow
in proud retreat, for death
by winds lays black and brittle petals low.

Ice that thaws in maze
of frostcracked earth, the shallow wash of surf that writes
in selfsame pattern
fade with the melting snowfields of dim moonstilled
nights.

Find in the sea your life,
the traitorous mirror sea you love almost to fault;
because its music weeps,
because your wearied heart is no less salt.

Then you shall be as I,
perceiving in the earth and sky no harmony
of life perpetualised,
no lasting concord once made known to me.

G. G. URWIN.

IN A DRAWING-ROOM.

Grief came to tea
And wore the latest hat,
And laughingly she sat
Quite near to me.

And like a ray
Of sudden light she lit
Our dreary talk, and it
Woke and was gay.

Slender and tall
And elegantly dressed,
She turned the swiftest jest
And shamed us all.

But by a chance,
As I sat musing there
Thinking her debonair,
She caught my glance.

And suddenly
Her dark eyes troubled grew
And wondered if I knew
What might not be.

I felt her start
And finger at the lace
That fell above the place
Where lay her heart.

An instant's pause . . . .
And laughter flowed again:
None saw the sudden pain
Nor asked its cause.

When she had left
We felt the minutes drag
And conversation flag
As though bereft.

Our company
Was but a poor relief
Yet no one knew that Grief
Had been to tea.

L. COLE.

BABYLONIAN MOON.

The moon that shone
on Babylon
shines now on you;
and some of all that mystery
from past glamour pours down on you.
Now silver haired you look at me,
and silver eyed and silver mouthed;
and when you laugh you seem to be
laughing soft and silvery.
Your hands are clasping silver balls,
and all the trees around you shine
silver to frame your lovely face
with silver leaf in silver line.
You lift a silent silver face,
wrapped in the solemn mystery
of moonlight, and the mystery
of dead and ancient Babylon
on which it shone.

Silver in the deep glooms of night,
suddenly haloed by the stars,
you stood with the moon in your eyes
Shining coolly silver and bright.
I saw your feet were silver shod,
resting upon the world's dark rim,
And you wait before taking flight
Into the stars and silver night.

I know this is my heart's enchantment
because the moon that shines above,
down silver years lost long ago
has softly shone
on Babylon,
and now it shines on you.

But for a moment while it shone,
somehow I knew that you had gone
Miles beyond me
To Babylon.

DAVID B. DEAR.

PAST AND PRESENT.

Some are born
Before their time,
And some, alas
Too late!

Between those days
And my own—
There looms
A fast-locked gate.

That I have been
Of that time!
Still remembered
But for ever gone—

That era of peace,
And epigram;
Of jewel'd phrase,
And song.

One of that nest
Of singing birds
Who wove a web
Of golden words.

Oh tragic poets
Dead and gone!
Your souls were
Attuned to song.

Moulded to suffer,
And to sing;
And for art, sacrifice
Everything.

That I had been
One of that band;
Then might my friends
Understand!

AUBREY LEES.

STARDUST.

I plucked a star from out the sky,
I cannot tell the reason why;
Perhaps it chanced to take my eye.
I hung it o'er a crystal stream,
To watch its opalescent gleam,
And lying there did dream.

The darkling brook through rushes swept,
A night bird sang, the dim trees wept,
And blossoms white upon me fell.
How long I dreamed I cannot tell,
But when I woke the dawn of day
Had chased my magic hour away;
My star I placed back in the sky,
And laughed a little, lest I cry!

VIVIAN D'WIT.

AS COMES THE DAWN.

As comes the dawn when night too long has hushed
The song of birds and all the day's sweet voices,
Into the darkness of a spirit crushed
Came love to you, and all my heart rejoices.

As comes the May when winter storms are spent,
And flowers lift their tiny heads from cover,
Into a heart by sorrow's storming rent
With you came bloom and beauty, O my lover.

CHARLES LOUIS ZORBAUGH.

PRECIOUS STONE.

Red, the heart of the ruby—Passion of love
That a day may kill, or the testing years approve:
Blue, the heart of the sapphire, the deep stern eyes
That Wisdom shows when Science has killed surprise:
Green of the emerald—Hope, and a childish glee,
The fair impersonal light of grass and tree:
Purple of amethyst, dim as a summer night,
Or the hidden sorrow that shadows all delight:
White of the diamond, all colours in one—
Man's Life epitomized in a precious stone.

ALICE F. BARRY.

QUERY.

What are we then
On finishing life's race?
Mere bodies lying cold
In death's embrace?

If beauty fades
And strength be nothing worth,
How quietly both hide
Under the earth.

What do we win
After the song and dance?
After that last long sigh
Comes there the chance

To wrest through death
An endless victory,
Of everlasting life
Earth's claim set free?

JOAN BEVAN.

CONTINUITY OF LIFE.

To "old uns" from "an old un."

Lift up your hearts for spring will come
Freyr will roam the earth
The trees will bud, sweet flowers will bloom
Despair give way to mirth.

Have confidence and stay serene
For ugliness doth lie;
We're worthy sons of worthy sires
Hate's crucible will die.

Lift up your hearts, God's sun will shine
And beauty will emerge;
Go see the woods and walk the downs
For nature sings no dirge.

Vogue la galère!

DRAY STEVENS.

HOLY GRAILS.

Who searches for a Holy Grail
May perish, but he cannot fail;
He by his quest has lifted up
His spirit to the Sacred Cup;
Although his flesh has earthward sunk
His soul of his ideal has drunk.

He kept a selfless, vital aim,
Above the ends of gold and fame;
He followed, steadfast, though afar,
With eyes upon a guiding star.
Who searches for a Holy Grail
May perish, but he cannot fail.

CALVIN DILL WILSON.

TO A GREAT LIFE.

C.S.S.

1839—1916.

She was the well-beloved, and all her days
Were filled with patient service to the light,
That shone on tender youth's ascending ways,
And gave enchantment to reluctant flight.

She knew no weariness, no deadly strain,
In leading dulness to the healing stream,
Where soothing thought released the shrouded brain,
And tortured life became a pleasing dream.

With vocal splendour and serene belief,
She graced the sacred theatre of art;
Her lofty concord brought the soul relief,
Cascading lyric sweetness from the heart.

And those who heard her, weep for art's decay,
For beauty's dark disfigurement and pain,
For youth that knows not of her fairer day,
The sweetness and the music of her reign.

H. L. SENIOR.

November 27th, 1939.

THE CRITICS DINE

By

WREY GARDINER.

ON February 22nd members of The Poets' Club and their friends braved the black-out—a full moon helping—to hear Mr. Edward Ellul speak on "Justness of the Jazz Element in Poetry." A good deal of hostility to his views, he told us, was to be expected from a gathering which had at former meetings voiced in no uncertain tones its disapproval of what is generally called the modernist school in poetry. The speaker went very deeply into the technical approach to verse writing, explaining succinctly in the short time at his disposal the modern poet's ideas of scansion, and his realization of the inconclusiveness and occasionally the insanity of logic. He attempted with the aid of particular examples to initiate his now somewhat restive audience into this new world of bizarre jig-saw word puzzles and imagery wandering in a vacuum from which all clues as to meaning have been carefully removed. But to have done justice to a subject which has filled so many volumes of criticism would have been beyond the capacity of even Mr. Ellul's powers of concise exposition.

Has not too much, in fact, been written in defence of a manner which is already beginning to show signs of belonging to the past? The truth is that the adjective "modern" is one which, like last year's calendar, must from time to time be removed to the dust-bin. There are many indications that the younger poets to-day are using a language which, if it is purged of all the gaudy trappings dear to an earlier generation and aiming at the directness of contemporary speech, is clear in its meaning and a long way from the attempts to re-create a particular state of mind by jazzing words and images as in the poems read by Mr. Ellul.

Many members of the Club rose to vindicate the soundness of the methods employed by an earlier gener-

ation, and Miss Margaret Rawlings held the room in a tense attention with her recital of Khubla Khan, and poems of De La Mare and Housman with which she attempted to convince Mr. Ellul of the error of his ways. He was not, however, completely in a minority. Mr. W. J. Turner, whose Selected Poems published by the Oxford University Press have recently appeared, and who was the guest of the evening, supported the speaker, though Mr. Turner's contention that man in the future may not use words at all was repudiated vigorously by Mr. Simpson, the Chairman, who, with his accustomed suavity, poured oil on the troubled waters of the debate. And he had to pour a good deal.

The almost total incomprehension of each other's viewpoints seems to be in the nature of a chronic malady in this battle of Ancients and Moderns which, to acute observers, already now belongs to the variegated tapestry of literary history. It appears more than likely that the war will strike a death blow to any school of poetry which is not crystal clear in its meaning, purified by the fires of suffering and difficulty, and that obscurities and over intellectualizing will tend to disappear in a world of harsh necessities and jungle law.

As we came out at a late hour from the hot dining-room overladen with the fumes of discussion, the pale moonlight made of Piccadilly Circus a strange grey stone paved garden in which little gnome-like figures were flashing their firefly lights in a circular dance round the dark monolith of the sandbagged statue of Eros. The bright coloured signs and the jazzing traffic were gone. Another era has begun.

Owing to military service, Mr. E. M. Channing-Renton finds it impossible to continue the editorship of "Poetry Quarterly." He has therefore asked Mr. C. Wrey Gardiner, Assistant Editor, to carry on publication from 1940 onwards.

In future, new subscriptions, also renewals, advertistments, and orders for extra copies of the periodical, and contributions of material, including letters concerning "Poetry Quarterly," should be addressed to—

WREY GARDINER, GREY WALLS, BILLERICAY, ESSEX.

AMERICAN NOTES

By

KATHERINE HUNTER COE, F.R.S.A.

FANTASIA, Wade Oliver, The Mosher Press, Portland, Maine.

Wade Oliver is an authentic poet, and his latest collection, "Fantasia," The Mosher Press, sustains the high level of lyricism and imagery his readers have long learned to associate with his facile pen. From the unusual theme, "Strange Pilgrimage," whereon he sets forth upon a pilgrimage into his own body, discovering much bright beauty on the crimson rivers, from his generous supply of lovely lyrics, from his excellent sonnets collected in this volume, one reads with delight and growing appreciation. He handles the sonnet form well and his sestets are especially satisfying. This poet is also a doctor of medicine, but in lyrics where his profession peeps through, the doctor is ever the poet. The singing lines, "Of Frost and Flame," "Song for Li Po," "Dark Laughter," and many more in this slender volume intrigue the reader; one cannot read them without wanting to read further.

The poems of David Henry Kyes, Ph.D., The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, are filled with a gentle philosophy that breathes the truth and joy of a Christian heart. This volume is divided into secular poems and sonnets, religious poems and special poems and hymns, the later of which will be especially enjoyed.

DOORWAYS. By Ethel Knapp Behrman. The Ruther Press. $1.00.

"DOORWAYS," by Ethel Behrman, recalls to one many and varied DOORWAYS which have left their memories to keep. And this is a most charming DOORWAY, through which the reader is invited to enter and visit with this widely known Cincinnati poet. Mrs.

Behrman writes with sincerity through discriminating eyes of the artist, and with an understanding heart she has thrown deep glamour over the simple every-day things she has written into songs.

The jacket illustration for "Doorways" is by Mrs. Behrman's father, the late widely-known artist, J. August Knapp, of California.

MEZZOTINTS. By Martin Chesley. The Poets Press. $1.50.

"MEZZOTINTS," a first book of poems from the pen of Martin Chesley (nom de plume of Dr. C. H. Hutchings, of the University of Cincinnati), arrests at once the attention of the reader, the most casual of whom would not pass lightly over a single poem in the book. Indeed, one often pauses to re-read many of these verses, which is a real test of poetry. There is a high range of lyrical quality singing its way through all of its pages, and a number of the poems are really classical. Among them, "A Litany for Wild Creatures," a prize winning poem in "Poetry Studies."

WHITE MOMENT. by Mabel Posegate. Dorrance and Company. $1.50.

"WHITE MOMENT," is the third book of poems from the pen of Mabel Posegate. We have followed the certain progress of this poet since her first book, "Silver 'Scutchion," appeared a number of years ago. This was followed by "Once When Octurous Shone," and now "White Moment," which will certainly add much to her name. In this latest book, Mrs. Posegate strikes a deeper if sadder note, and the poems reflect keen observation, mastery of words and rare descriptive powers.

SHORTER NOTICES.

POEMS. By M. A. Harwood. Epworth Press. 2/-.

Mrs. Basil Harwood writes in the convention which the acrobatics of the modern poet has taught us to associate with a world of long ago. One poem,

"Scotland," is dated 1915, though its picture of lake and mountain enveloped in their shroud of pale grey mist will be as true in 1950. Poems like "New Year's Eve 1916," and one with the simple title "1917," attain a new significance in view of the return of the conditions which inspired them. "My Son's Soul" is the most outstanding poem in this small collection which will reward the reader with a quiet and thoughtful hour, a twilight hour perhaps like those the author loves

when Night meets Day,
And like a kindly Nurse, leads her away
To rest.

AT GLUBBDUBBDRIBB. By Gigadibs. Channing Press. 7/6.

The more one knows a person, the more one understands his point of view and outlook. The desire to know more of people is particularly alive to-day, when biographies and autobiographies are best-sellers, and this fact is an indication of a healthy breadth of mind, characteristic of the age.

There are some personalities in history who are familiar to all of us, but others are only known as "the writer of so-and-so." "Gigadibs," in addition to a profound knowledge of many writers, scientists and thinkers of the past, has succeeded in transcending the concrete introduction which their works afford, to meet their very spirits and minds. "At Glubbdubbdribb" is a series of "interviews" with poets, novelists, politicians and scientists, in course of which the imaginary hero introduces some thoughts on present-day events and attitudes of mind which should prove interesting, provocative and illuminating to the thoughtful reader.

Once more the author is from "John Bull's Other Island," and there is an unusual note in his revelation of the Irishman's feeling—a feeling almost of alienation—in England. A most striking book.

NORAH DE C. BEATTY.